

# Name Magazine

## VIOLET. BY LESLIE LOCKHART.

"NOW, what have you on your mind, Teddy?" demanded Violet Raymond, as her brother finished his third cup of tea, with an air of deep meditation.

"Remember Ralph Colmore, Vi?" said her brother, placidly producing a telegram from his jacket pocket. "I met him in town on Tuesday looking thoroughly baked. Felt sympathetic; forgot the size of the house-boat, and invited him home. Now, I must walk to the station to meet him this hot afternoon."

He hurried ashore and strode across the fields, leaving them to condemn his careless good nature.

"Mr. Colmore doesn't look much like a half-fledged chick," said Ethel, as they watched Teddy returning with his guest.

They were talking with great animation. Teddy's laughter pealed across the fields, the other man smiled grimly. He was very tall, thin and brown and carried himself erect, but without swaying his shoulders, which made him ungainly. Later they discovered that he had grave, gray, piercing eyes; a keen, clean-cut face, so thin that the muscles were visible working beneath the skin when he spoke or smiled.

After dinner, when they sat beneath the awning in the soft light of Japanese lanterns, Violet was annoyed to find that he still retained the trick of staring at her.

A sigh came from the corner where the new arrival sat in a heavy shadow.

"Mr. Gadsden," cried Violet, to a guest just back from the Transvaal, "do get your banjo. Our river is cold and weird; it sings to me of sand and sorrow."

Gadsden hastened to obey her behest. He was an accomplished hero, who could sing a good song, "stamp" on anything from an Erard grand to a tin whistle, do drawing-room conjuring tricks, recite comedy or tragedy, and talk. Colmore seated in his dark corner learned to envy him.

"I wonder what our fellows of the 1,000th are doing to-night," speculated Gadsden, with his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his ulster and a cigar glowing between his lips, as he reclined in the centre of the group.

"Happy and glorious. One blizzards between four of us. With there were more of us. God save the Queen!"

chanted Colmore from his corner.

"Hello! where did you hear that?" inquired Gadsden, looking at him with languid surprise.

"Oh, a newspaper fellow told me that was your grace before meat," he explained hurriedly. "But I suppose it isn't true about the one biscuit, Mr. Gadsden."

"Oh, you can obtain no conception of the awful privations the volunteers and yeomanry have to undergo by reading the newspapers," cried Violet.

"The Modder river is very bad, isn't it?"

"Yes, by all accounts. Of course, I was never up there, you know," explained Gadsden.

"There is another river," questioned Colmore, in a

hesitating manner—"the Tugela, isn't it? Were you ever there?"

"No," said Gadsden, "that's in Natal. I was chiefly at Stellenbosch, you know."

I think ever one should take their turn in South Africa," exclaimed Violet, annoyed as the foolish questions propounded to her. "The men who do not go out are sheltering themselves behind the brave ones that do. I'd make every one volunteer."

"What about a worthy citizen who has a business that cannot be neglected?" inquired her brother with a laugh. "I mean patriots like myself, who have to spend their leisure on a house-boat because their subscriptions to various war funds prevent them from taking a holiday. Don't forget the man who pays my bill!"

"Oh! you are a fat and lazy, generous old duffer. What do you think, Mr. Colmore?"

"I really cannot agree with your description of your brother, Miss Raymond," he replied gravely.

"But that does not exonerate the stay-at-homes," she urged with a true woman's insistence in argument.

"And add immensely to the honor due to those gentlemen who relinquish ease and comfort in their country's service," he said, with a courteous bow to the hero.

"Oh, really, Mr. Colmore, you're an exaggerated idea of our troubles," he answered with becoming modesty. "After all there are worse beds than the open veldt, even if one's blankets are wet, and a saddle is a downy pillow for a tired head. Then there is the bon camaraderie always existing in a squadron of well-bred gentlemen. There are some awfully nice chaparrals in the 1,000th, and we had some very pleasant evenings. A good pipe, a camp fire, and a banjo are among the sweets of life."

Teddy got out of his chair; he had recently heard a great deal about life on the veldt. "Aunt Nelly, you're sleepy," he declared. "It is past midnight, and all you people have to rise early, if I'm skipper of the 'Sunflower,' so turn in. Colmore, help me to put out these lights; then I'll take you to your room. After that I'll tuck Gaddy up in his blankets to dream of warfare. Good-night, you girls."

The next morning Colmore developed more peculiarities. Instead of diving overboard like an ordinary healthy man he actually went ashore and walked along the bank until he discovered a secluded spot where he could paddle. Then, during breakfast, he confessed his inability to row, punt or swim. He made the admission without a blush, and Vi secretly chided him "the complete molly coddie." She absolutely scorned him, and the modest endeavor he made during the following days to win her approbation were more than wasted. However, he quickly won the friendship of Aunt Nelly, and the terrier Pip was devoted to him, while he shared with Teddy some clandestine joke over which they yelled with laughter when alone. They were happy lounging days of golden sunshine, when nothing but a belated meal could ruffle their peace. Even Vi was bound to admit that the "molly coddie," at all events, was not in the way, and he listened with a never-fading interest to Gaddy's bloodless reminiscences of the horrors of war.

"VI," said her gentle aunt, "why don't you take a little more notice of that poor Mr. Colmore?"

"Why, my dear?" inquired Vi, perched on the rail. "He is neither interesting nor entertaining."

"The poor man is very much in love with you just as he used to be," urged the sympathetic spinster.

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### THE INVALID.



"A MAN ISN'T NICE TO TALK TO WHEN HE'S SEEN HIS BEST FRIENDS DIE."

ing or entertaining," answered her niece with a pretty pout. "I never met such a man. He can't row, swim, sing or talk. He can only smoke and stare at you through his eye-glasses."

"He certainly does look at you over much; still he is a change from Mr. Gadsden."

"Never mind," cried Vi, "I won't run him down, for he has been to the war, and is going again when he is fit. Oh, dear! I wish something would happen. It is horribly mean of Teddy and Ethel to

So saying she fell gracefully overboard with hardly a splash; but even before Aunt Nelly had exclaimed: "Oh! VI," Colmore dived from the top of the house-boat. With a few strong strokes he reached her, and then, suddenly losing the power in his arms, wallowed helplessly. Aunt Nelly screamed, for as he rolled over she saw a red stain spreading on the shoulder of his jacket. Vi Raymond saw it too, and, thrilled with sudden horror at the result of her folly, swam to his assistance. The "complete molly coddie" floated on

his back with the utmost composure, although the water round his head was a nasty red. She picked up his hand, held it under her chin, and swimming vigorously, guided him towards the bank. Their clothes were very heavy with water, but breath came in short, feverish gasps. "Please, don't trouble about me," murmured Colmore.

Gladstone over her shoulder she saw Gadsden casting off the punt. He looked as amiable and well-groomed as ever, but she felt furiously angry with him for not hastening to the rescue. Before he reached them, Colmore was brought alongside the bank, up which he crawled as limp as a half-drowned kitten. Having secured a foothold, he turned to assist her just as the punt arrived with Gadsden at the pole, building over with pretty speeches.

VI stood in the mud with the water up to her neck, and said sharply, "Go away both of you, and send Aunt Nelly with my mackintosh."

Colmore climbed to the top of the bank to do her bidding, and then fell down in a heap. In another moment Violet was kneeling beside him, shorting his directions in a voice shrill with fear. "Mr. Gadsden, a doctor, quick! Aunt, the brandy!" "Oh! look at the blood, and it is all my fault. I am an idiot!"

Afterward she was very much annoyed with every one, especially with Gadsden, for making a scene. "If he had been at all nice he would have gone away when he saw me so wet and messy," she explained to Ethel with much indignation, quite overlooking the fact that Ralph Colmore had stared at her while in that state for quite twenty minutes.

The doctor was staggered to find the cause of the trouble was a partly healed bullet wound, such cases being rare in general practice. However, the patient treated the matter with much sang froid, and told him to sterilize the instruments.

"I feel a beastly fraud," said Colmore in explanation to his friends. "But the fact is I'm just home from the Transvaal with this hole in my shoulder. Of course I ought to have told you, especially Mr. Gadsden, with whom I might have had the pleasure of comparing notes, but I cannot talk about the war without getting red. Teddy knew, so he is also a fraud."

"You must tell us all about it when you're better," said Violet, fusing round the sofa on which he was condemned to lie for a week.

"Which will be to-night after dinner if I know anything of Ralph," said her brother. "The fact is, time if you'll leave him alone. I'll tell you all I know. It is a bit rough on old Gaddy," said Teddy as he paced the meadows with his sister, "but I was full up with his eternal talk of his sufferings. Of course he is one of the best, but he is confoundingly selfish and self-indulgent, so when I ran across Colmore I brought him down to enjoy the joke. Old Ralph was a mighty chemistry man on the Rand, and has been fighting like a hero in the Imperial Light Horse. He has been through the whole scrap, and got winded under very painful circumstances. Was scouting in the advance with his best pal, when they fell into an ambush, and the Boers threatened to shoot them if they gave the alarm. Of course they yelled like blazes and warned the other fellows. He got winded and his pal was killed, so he is a bit upset, you know."

"Did he get a V. C.?" asked Vi.

"Why, you silly kid, he is only a Colonel," said her brother with an effort at cynicism. "Now don't you worry him, there's a good girl. You've done enough mischief to last a week, I'm sure."

"Do you think I ought to make amends?" she inquired with a mischievous glance.

"No, confound it. Don't be a flirt this time, for you know he was awfully gone on you before he went away."

That night after dinner Colmore fulfilled his promise to tell them all about it in a way peculiarly his own. "I feel an explanation is due to Gadsden," he said, staring at him through his spectacles, "but you see I did not fight as a patriot, so have nothing in common with him. Our feelings must be quite different, and mine would probably shock you. Gadsden has fought for the pride of the English race. I have fought with my teeth bared for vengeance. I have been jostled, spat upon, and been called bad names, so I don't feel so much as a farmer and a burned, for I think of our own wrongs. A man isn't nice to talk to when he has seen his best friends die, and—oh! I'm ashamedly tired of seeing mine go under. I'm not impressed with Boer piety, and in fact I'm going to stop before I swear."

Stop he did in spite of some entreaty, and then there was a long silence, as they sat conjuring up in their minds the scenes this man had lived through. At length Gadsden arose, and taking his hand, said, with an effort to shake off his customary style: "I'm a grumpy son-of-a-gun, and I should be ashamed, only they never gave us a chance. Still I only slept on the wet veldt half a dozen times, and those biscuits weren't so cold, and oh! I don't have to eat them. I've never been under fire, and I've never seen a Boer on the war path, so now I am fit, I'm out again by the next boat to see if they'll give me a chance this time. In any event I promise to eat those dry biscuits."

"My dear fellow," said the other man heartily, "of course, I'm only a Colonial, so hard hat doesn't count against me, but I can quite understand it. It was a very real hardship to the One Thousandth when they first went out. I'll bet it isn't now, and you'll find a host of fighters which the nation rightly honors, for the lofty motive of their self-abnegation. I imagine you will be in time for plenty of the fun yet."

It was in the brief Indian summer, when their river life was drawing to a close, that Vi talked of their pleasant holiday with Ralph Colmore.

"You were very unconcerned when I was in the river," she complained. "So it is no use pretending gratitude now. Why, you only asked me once the following morning if I had a cold."

"But you assured me you had not," he replied, with grave anxiety.

"But that should not have prevented you from constantly inquiring."

He thought for several moments, and then said, with apparent innocence: "Do you know if a fellow saves a girl's life it is considered good form for him to propose to her?"

"Awkward, if he is a bricklayer," remarked Vi, with a face that belied her flippancy.

"Don't you think if a man is a fool, you know, and it is the other way about—that is, you know, if the girl saves the man, and oh!—don't you think, you know, the tradition ought to be inverted?"

"Mr. Colmore! What are you trying to say?"

"Why, Miss Raymond—I'm trying to propose to you, Vi!"

"Then do be quick," she said, blushing furiously.

"Why?"

"Because I'm going to accept you, Ralph," she whispered, turning away her head.

THE KING.

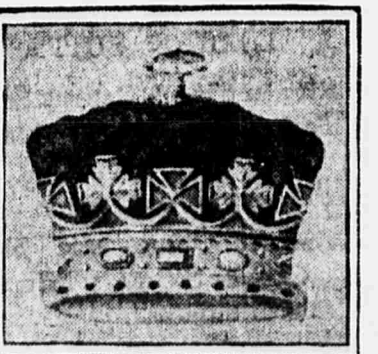
## CORONETS TO BE WORN BY PEERS AT THE CORONATION.



Coronet of Prince of Wales. Worn by all sons, brothers and uncles of the Sovereign. The circle is heightened with four strawberry leaves and as many crosses placed alternately.



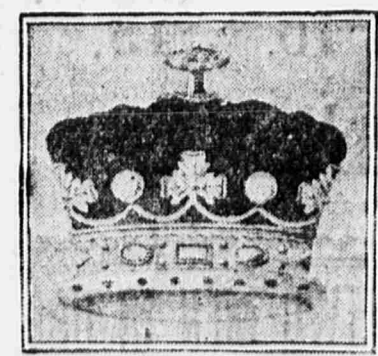
Coronet of Princesses of Great Britain. The circle is heightened with cross-pattens, strawberry leaves and strawberry leaves alternately.



Coronet of royal cousins and royal nephews of the Sovereign. The circle is heightened with four crosses placed and as many strawberry leaves alternately.



Coronet of a Duke. Above the rim are eight gold strawberry leaves at equal distances.



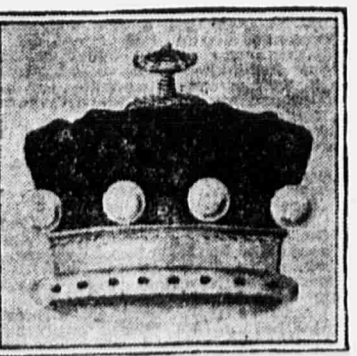
Coronet of a Marquess. Above the rim are four gold strawberry leaves and four silver balls alternately, the latter raised slightly above the rim.



Coronet of an Earl. Above the rim, poised upon points above the cap are eight silver balls, while between the points are gold strawberry leaves.



Coronet of a Viscount. Immediately above and adjoining the rim are sixteen silver balls.



Coronet of a Baron. Immediately above the rim are six silver balls at equal distances.

The robe or mantle of the Peers is to be of crimson velvet edged with miniver, the cape turned with miniver pure and powdered with bars or rows of ermine (that is, narrow pieces of black fur), according to their degree. These mantles will in every case be worn over full court dress, uniform or regimentals. The robes or mantles for the Peeresses are to be worn over their usual Court dresses. They will also be of crimson

velvet, and the capes of miniver pure, the number of bars of ermine on the cape and the length of the train depending on the rank of the wearer. The coronets in every case consist of a circle of silver gilt, ornamented with representations of various jewels raised on the surface—with the exception of a Baron's, which is a plain circle—the caps being composed of crimson velvet turned up with ermine, and with a

tassie of gold on the top. No jewels or precious stones may be used in the coronets, or counterfeits pearls instead of silver balls, the privilege of wearing a coronet adorned with jewels belonging exclusively to members of the Royal Family. Coronets have been worn by Peers since the reign of Edward III., but the definite form given to the coronets of the different orders of the Peerage is of

later date, as is also the practice of placing within the coronet a cap of crimson velvet lined with ermine and surmounted by a gold tassie. The use of coronets by Barons did not begin until the reign of Charles II. Before his time they only wore plain gold circles. It was that King, too, who, in 1665, granted warrants to the Scottish and Irish Kings of Arms for the Peers of those Kingdoms to wear coronets similar to those of the Peers of England.

## HARRIET HUBBARD AYER REVEALS BEAUTY SECRETS.

### To Make the Face Plump.

Can anything be applied to the face to make it plump? Would coconut oil fatten it, and if so, how should it be used?

CONSTANCE.

If you are in good health, massage, with a skin food, should fill out the cheeks. Practise deep breathing, which will give you a good complexion and make your face round. The skin food for which I give you recipe is better than coconut oil.

**SKIN FOOD.**

White wax, 1 ounce; spermaceti, 1 ounce; lanoline, 2 ounces; sweet almond oil, 4 ounces; coconut oil, 2 ounces; tincture of benzoin, 30 drops; orange flower water, 2 ounces.

Melt the first five ingredients together. Take off the fire and beat until nearly cold, adding little by little the benzoin, and lastly the orange flower water.

### To Whiten Red Hands.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I am a young girl of fifteen, and am greatly annoyed with my hands. They are very coarse and exceedingly red and my knuckles are badly swollen. If you will kindly publish one of your remedies I will bless you to the end of my days.

LYBIE.

Keep the hands scrupulously clean by scrubbing with soap and warm water,

### To Rinse the Throat.

Apply the mixture, for which I give the formula, several times a day if necessary. You must not wear tight clothing if you wish white hands. Tight sleeves, corsets or even tight collar bands, will often produce red hands. Also intended for "R."

**TO WHITEN THE HANDS.**

Lanoline, 100 grams; paraffin (liquid), 25 grams; extract of vanilla, 10 drops; oil of rose, 1 drop. Mix and apply when necessary.

### To Narrow the Nose.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

Is there anything I can do to make my nose narrow?

R. M. C.

There is an appliance especially devised for making broad noses narrow.

### To Reduce Thick Lips.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

My upper lip is thin but well shaped, but my under lip is very thick. This seems to run in the family. I am only eighteen, and perhaps it is not too late to remedy it. Advise me, ANGELICA.

Try to hold the line in. You can do so by a slight muscular effort. In addition use the astringent made for reducing thick lips.

Melt an ounce of any of the cold creams, add one grain each of pulverized laudanum and skunk cabbage, beat for five hours, then strain through cheesecloth. Apply to the lips when necessary.

### To Reduce Thick Lips.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

Kindly give me a salve with which to massage and enlarge my bust.

MAMIE.

Try this cream. You should also practise deep breathing: Lanoline, 2 1/2 ounces; spermaceti, 3/4 ounce; white vaseline, 2 1/2 ounces; coconut oil, 2 ounces; sweet almond oil, 2 ounces; tincture of benzoin, 1-2 dram.

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